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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No. 46. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Away to the Hills!

If you were to visit Palestine you would find that the streets of the towns are very narrow, and the houses are built with thick, domed roofs of stone. In the summer time, when the heat is very great, the people say the narrow streets help to shelter them from the hot sun, and the big stone domes keep their houses cool. But still, they sometimes find the streets and houses unbearably hot in the height of summer—hotter, perhaps, than if the thoroughfares were wider, and the houses less crowded together. And then, those of the better class, who can afford to do so—especially those whose families contain young children—go 'away to the hills,' where they are the envy of the town-tied people.

A HOLIDAY ON THE HILLS.

Tents are pitched on some breezy eminence, not necessarily far from the town and house; carpets and tables and sleeping arrangements are taken, and with the help of the servants a new home is soon made—to last for some months, where the children can play, and swing under the olive trees, and enjoy a far healthier life than they could possibly do in their crowded town houses.—'Child's Companion.'

Sowing and Reaping.

(From one of D. L. Moody's sermons in Chicago.)

You may be forgiven by God, yet there are certain consequences that you have to reap, I know a father who was converted, God forgave him; but his boy is still a thief and a gambler. That man is reaping what he sowed. There is such a thing as being forgiven, but yet there are consequences that you have got to reap. Suppose I hire a man to sow oats in my field, and he sows the oats and when the oats come up I find it filled with thistles and with tares. I know that there were never weeds in there before, I go to the man, and I say, 'John, do you know anything about the thistles in the oats?' He colors up, and I see his guilt, and I say, 'Out with it.' Then he says to me, 'Yes,' Mr. Moody, do you remember one day you promised me that if I should confess everything, that everything would be forgiven me?' I would say, 'Yes.' Then he would say, 'Mr. Moody, I confess it. I confess it, and you have got to forgive me. The day you sent me to sow those oats I got angry, and I sowed the thistles with them.' I would say, 'That is all right, I forgive you, but when you reap those oats you have got to reap the thistles along with them.' There are lots of Christian men in the house here to-night reaping thistles and tares.

Now, for an illustration. I was preaching in Chicago, when I was out here in 1876, I was preaching over on Chicago avenue where I was this morning, in the very same church. When I got through preaching a man came to me and said: 'Mr. Moody, can I see you alone?' I took him into the room, and he turned the key in the door. The perspiration was standing out on his brow in beads. He put his arms upon my shoulders and he sobbed and sobbed as if his heart would break. I let him have it out, and when he got better control of himself, I said, 'Sit down.' He sat down, and then I said, 'Tell me what is the trouble?' 'Well,' he says, 'Mr. Moody, I am a fugitive from justice. The governor of my state, Missouri, has a reward offered for me, and I have been hid here, hid away in Chicago for months.' He went on and he told me that he had been a large business man, had had a large business, had had a great mail every day. He said that he had not received a letter since he was in Chicago, and had not sent one. He went on and told me how far the untold agony, how remorse and despair had seized hold of him. He said, 'Some people tell us there is no hell, but I say that I have had a hell on earth for the past three months. I dare not go out in the daytime for fear that I will be arrested, and I take short strolls at night, and then I am afraid that a policeman's hand will be put on my shoulder. I did not dare to come over here. I was going by here and I heard you inviting the people to come back to Bethel, and meet God, and I felt as if I wanted to go to Bethel. I stood by a post outside listening to your sermon, and I was afraid an officer would put his hand on my shoulder then.' He said, 'Mr. Moody, I would like to go to Bethel, How can I?'

I asked him what he had done and he said: 'I stole $40,000 in county bonds of eight different parties. I took them thinking I could replace them at any time, and I got to speculating, and I could not recover myself, and I have had to fly and dare not go back.' I said: 'Why don't you go back to your city and face your guilt and give yourself up? When Jacob turned his face toward Bethel the angels met him and escorted him back, and the angels will come and stand with you.' He said: 'Mr. Moody, I would rather be in prison and forgiven, than be hid away here in Chicago. I could not suffer more, I could not suffer as much in prison as I suffer here. There is only one thing that keeps me from going back. I have got a wife, and three little children, and how can I put this stigma upon them? My wife is a graduate from one of the first colleges in the country.' There is one rule I try to carry through life with me. I never advise a man to do what I would not do myself. When he came to speak of the wife and three children, I had a wife and three children. If the man

could do his own repenting it would not be so bad, but the making of the wife come in along with him in the shame and disgrace. I told him, 'I don't know what I would do.' I said: 'There is one thing, we can always do. I will let you pray. You come here to-morrow at 12 o'clock and I will meet you and tell you what you ought to do.' He came. He said to me: 'Mr. Moody, it is all settled, if I have got to meet God, if I have got to go to Bethel, I have got to go there through prison. That afternoon at four o'clock, he took the train for Missouri, and he got there in the night and went to his house, and was hid away in his house for a whole week. During the week I got a letter that touched my heart. It was from him, and he said that when his wife put his children to bed and they were sound asleep he would go out and look at them and then think that in a few days he would put a stamp of disgrace on them that would go with them through life.'

One day he heard his boy say, 'Ma, doesn't pa love us any more?' She answered 'Yes. What makes you ask that question?' He said, 'He never stayed away from us before. He never writes to us, and I am afraid he has forgotten us.' He had to keep hid, and after staying a week with his family, and the last night he came out and took a long look at those three children. Tell me that sin is not bitter. Tell me that sin is not the worst enemy that a man has got. What would I give if I could turn this audience against sin? What would I give if every man would rise and say, 'I will fight sin as long as I live.' Think of that father looking into the faces of those children and thinking that he has got to stamp them with the stamp of disgrace for the rest of their days. He did not dare to wake them up. He could not kiss them.

Some of you fathers have got little children, and you know that it would be pretty hard if sin would come in between you. How sin destroys our homes and blasts our hopes! He took his wife to his bosom and kissed her, and started off that night and got to the sheriff's house the next morning at daybreak, and went into court and pleaded guilty to the eight different indictments. He was sent to the Missouri penitentiary for nineteen years, the shortest time he could be sent on the eight different indictments. Tell me that sin is not bitter, that sin is not hard? You could trifle with forked lightning, you could trifle with any pestilence, rather than trifle with sin, I do not fear any disease, any pestilence, as I do sin.

I went to St. Louis, and then down to the county seat, to the capitol, to the seat of the government, and I pleaded with the governor to get him out. I did not succeed at first, but I at last got him out. The poor man did not live long, and went to his grave. He is gone. Friends gathered around that wife and helped to take care of her and the family, but the poor man never, never recovered.

If a man has taken a step downward, God raise you to-night, and may you now, to-night, make up your mind that you will make restitution, and do all in your power to begin this night and sow not another weed to the flesh or to the spirit. Perhaps some people will say: 'Mr. Moody is right; I believe with him. We have to do our reaping in this world, and we have nothing to do with the next world.' I do not believe it for one moment. I believe that it would be ten thousand times better for you, if you think that, that you had never been born; that we should live to years of maturity and die in our sins and miss eternal life. Oh, man, to-night be wise. Whatever the sin is that is holding you, break with it. If it is the right eye, pluck it out; if it is the right hand, let it come off; but make up your mind that you are going to cast it out; that you are going to break with sin. Do not let that harlot drag you down to a dishonored grave; do not let that harlot bring you down in shame, and ruin your family; but make up your mind to-night that you are no longer going to sow in such a way that you will reap the whirlwind.'

I would not like to be here and speak a week in Chicago and not lift up one warning voice. Now, some of you say, 'Mr. Moody is on the old line, to-night; he is talking about future punishment. I thought that thing had gone out of date.' My friends, if I warn you, is it a sign that I hate you or love you? Who warns like a mother? Who loves like a mother? I say that it is a true sign that we love you if we warn you; and I hope to-night that you will heed the warning. I know it is a terrible thing for a man to live and die in his sins. I believe what Christ says, that you never will see the kingdom of God unless you break with sin.

On one of these roads running from Chicago to New York, a few years ago, down in Ohio there was a man saw a landslide just about dusk come down on the track and cover it. He knew that if he could not get to the telegraph office and stop the night express there would be a great accident. He took his lantern and he walked up the line, and he thought when he came in sight of the engine he would swing that lantern and stop the train. But it was a very dark night and he slipped and fell, breaking his lantern and putting it out. He felt for a match. He could get no match. He could not get to the nearest neighbor's farmhouse to get another light and get back. He could hear the night express coming in the distance, and he gathered up the broken fragments of the lantern and crept up on the bank, and he just stood there with that lantern in his hand, and when the engine came by he hurled them at the engineer. They hit the engineer, and he looked at his feet and saw the broken lantern, and thought there must be something wrong. He whistled down brakes, and he stopped that train within a few yards of the land slide.

Oh, man, I throw the broken lantern at your feet to-night. May God help you to take warning that if you sow the wind, you are going to reap the whirlwind, and there is no way on earth that can keep you from it.

You have got to do it. May God this night turn you from sin and from bondage to liberty.

Mr. Moody then called upon Mr. Torrey to lead in prayer, after which the first meeting was brought to a close. Mr. Moody announced an after-meeting, and invited every one to remain.

Praying the Sermon.

H. L. Hastings tells a story of a young preacher, who, after delivering a highly-wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent sermon, in the pulpit, in the presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance.

'I have but just one remark to make,' was his reply, 'and that is, to request you to pray that sermon.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'I mean literally just what I say; pray it, if you can, and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it.'

The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he never heard or conceived of; and the singularity of the suggestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God undertook to make it into a prayer. But it would not pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that for the very good reason, as he then clearly saw, that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had Christ within, the hope of glory.

With a renewed heart, he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit, preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given him such timely advice, and then solicited the benefit of his critical remarks. 'I have no remarks to make,' was his reply, 'you can pray that sermon.'—'Union Gospel News.'

Show Your Colors.

On a railway train, some time ago, a party of men—perhaps they called themselves 'gentlemen'—entered, took seats together, and engaged in conversation. Presently, they burst forth into a general denunciation of Christianity and Christians. They became more and more noisy and demonstrative, and, at length, vilely profane. Each seemed to be trying to outdo the others in the vehemence of his tone and the coarseness of his language.

The car was full of passengers, and doubtless a large proportion of these were professed Christians. But though many showed signs of annoyance, for some time no one ventured a remonstrance.

Then an elderly lady, who had been growing more and more restless for some moments, arose, went over to the group, and said to one of the men, in the mildest, sweetest tones, 'Will you please be so kind as to hand the little book from the rack above your head?'

Rather sheepishly, the man complied. The lady thanked him courteously, took the bible to her seat, and began to read. Perhaps the men were not as much ashamed of themselves as they should have been, but at all events they were suggestively quiet during the remainder of the journey.

The lesson administered by this little old lady was a model one. While our faith should be modest, it should also be fearless; and when the king whom we profess to serve is insulted, the humblest of us should dare to show his colors, and to rebuke the insult by act, if not by word.—'American Paper.'

All of Grace.

When the Rev. Thomas Hooker, one of New England's pioneers, was passing away from earth, a friend said to him, 'You are going now to receive the reward of all your labors.'

Promptly the dying man replied:

'I am going to receive mercy.'

Although his labors for Christ had been very abundant and very fruitful, he did not build his hope for eternity upon these, but upon the mercy of God revealed in and through his Son Jesus Christ.—'Standard.'

A gentle shadow fell across
The window of my room,
While working my appointed task
I calmly turned me round to ask,
'Is he come?'
An angel whispered sweetly
In my ear:
'Lift up your heart rejoicing—
He is here.'

—Anon.

BOYS AND GIRLS

At Augsburg in 1530.

(By Julia MacNair Wright.)

In 1530 the Emperor Charles the Fifth was the greatest sovereign in the world. Spain, Burgundy, the Low Countries, America and the two Sicilies were his; he was protector of Italy, co-regent of Austria, and Emperor of Germany. France and England had been forced to be his allies; he was famous for his skill in council; and in war. Like Haman of old, he had one grievance. The Reformation was the Mordecai that sat before his gate.

In 1850 Charles convoked at Augsburg a Diet of the Empire, for the express purpose of making an end of heresy. The common people, led and protected by the great princes of Germany, were following the banners of the Reformation under Luther and Melancthon. Charles made no effort to understand the new doctrines, the complaints against the errors of Rome or the differences between Roman and Reformed doctrine. He expected to sweep all opposition away by power and persuasion. When the Diet convened it was met by a Confession of Faith, drawn up by Luther and Melancthon. Charles had not come to receive confessions of faith, but unqualified submission. The confession presented by the Protestant leaders, the first confession of the reformed faith consisted of twenty-one articles. It began with the doctrine concerning God, and closed with the article concerning the worship of the saints. Added to these twenty-one great articles of doctrine were seven minor articles, concerning ecclesiastical abuses, such as confession, extreme unction and monastic orders.

THE PRINCES SIGN THE CONFESSION AT AUGSBURG.

Dr. Christian Baier rose to read this notable confession, which was written in German also in Latin. He began to read in German for the benefit of the crowd of the unlearned who thronged the hall of audience. 'Read it in Latin,' commanded the emperor from the throne. 'No,' said the elector of Saxony, rising, 'we are Germans, on German ground. Your Majesty will, I hope, allow us to read in the German language.' Charles felt it unwise to insist. When Dr. Baier read that 'faith is not mere knowledge of historic fact, but believes both history and the effect of that history upon the mind,' a wonderful effect was produced. 'Christ,' said Dr. Jonas, 'is in this assembly, and he doth not keep silence: the word of God is indeed not to be bound.'

The effort of Charles was now to force the princes to recede from their confession of doctrine. Marshalled by Luther, they held firm. 'If we and the Pope agree,' Luther said, 'so may Christ and Belial.' The princes were resolute. In a solemn gathering, after earnest prayer, the German princes had signed the Augsburg Confession. Perfectly respectful, but unyielding, firm, they proved to the astounded emperor that neither he nor the pope held the lordship over their consciences. Thought had been freed from its shackles when Luther nailed his thesis on the door of the Castle Church of Wittenburg. Confronted by resolute princes, his temporizing and persuasions futile, Charles resolved to take up arms. The princes at once formed the League of Smalkold. This league grew by the union with north and south German cities. France and the Turks suddenly threatened the empire, and violent measures were delayed. With varying fortunes for many years the princes, with the Augsburg Confession as their rallying point, the Emperor upholding the decrees of Trent, carried on the conflict. In 1556 the emperor, disgusted with empire, was an inmate of a monastery. Mordecai had again triumphed over Haman.—'Forward.'

The Pleasure Yacht 'Medora.'

(By Maggie Fern, in 'The Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—THE 'MEDORA'S' COLORS.

If you have never looked upon the ocean in the dazzling sunshine of an early summer morning, when the whole of the dancing, shimmering surface, is studded over with long, limitless lines of coquettish golden bubbles, that look like nothing so much as curvetting strings of gilt toy balls, such as children prize and delight to watch, you have missed as yet one of the most captivating pictures which Nature store in her exhaustless academy. Once seen the remembrance fascinates for a lifetime, even if never repeated.

Just such a morning, with the sea all quivering with amber tips and the sun a blazing globe of glory in the sky, an animated group of interested spectators bordered the parade and long stretch of shore that edged as fine a piece of coast as one seldom sees. There was the attraction of some aquatic sport to tempt the onlookers. Six fast-sailing pleasure yachts, were pledged to the diversion of a sailing match, and the competition excited keen interest. Many were the opinions ventured as to the probable results, and equally numerous convictions expressed as to the relative merits of the boats. All the six were dainty little yachts, but general favor seemed to point to the 'Medora,' as the leading one among them. She was a trim, taught, little boat, and one to win the admiration of any critical young yachtsman.

As she kept her place under the sunny sky, awaiting the moment for starting, her bright colors fluttering in the light breeze, Captain Maurice eyed her with pardonable pride. The 'Medora' was his holiday-maker, his chosen hobby, He was a busy man professionally, but when he assumed his position as captain of the dainty 'Medora,' he threw business aside, and was light-hearted as a boy. A handsome man, too, was Captain Maurice, well mated with his yacht in that matter, tall, well-built, with that easy, supple grace of bearing which is usually looked upon as the accompaniment of good blood and gentle breeding; pleasant in his manners to all, easily familiar with his inferiors in social position, therefore an accepted favorite.

'The 'Medora' will be first at the winning goal, Maurice,' said one of his friends, as the handsome young yachtsman leaned for a moment over the deck railing, and saluted a party in a cockle-shell boat close by.

Captain Maurice looked keenly the length of the racing-line. It was a two-mile competition, a mile out, and another back, and a buoy marked the distance at either end,

'The wind is too light for a good sail,' he answered, critically. 'The water is like a pond, this morning.'

'Oh, the wind is right enough, and as for the morning, it is as perfect as ever I saw.

'My dear fellow, you're no sailor, so don't sit in judgment on what you don't pretend to understand,' laughed the captain.

The other took the rebuff good-naturedly, and the cockle-shell glided by.

'Come, captain,' said Brian Holmes, a gay young barrister who accompanied Maurice on the 'Medora,' 'let's pop a bottle of champagne, to drink to the success of our pretty little boat. She's a beauty, and she'll win safe enough, Come along, captain.'

Captain Maurice hesitated.

'It's a bit early in the day to begin to pop champagne, Brian,' said he. 'We want steady heads, my boy.'

'Pshaw! What's wrong with you? What's a bottle of fiz? Come, Maurice.'

'Oh, well, I don't mind. But, look here, Brian, the day is going to be a hot one, and we must keep our heads cool if the 'Medora' is to fasten her colors to the winning goal.'

'And you mean that the best of the champagne had better wait till that bit of business is well through, eh?' laughed the younger man. 'All square, captain! 'One bottle now, and the rest to-night.'

They went together to the tiny saloon, and drank to the success of the 'Medora,' merrily enough. They were both bent on making much of their holiday, and champagne seemed one of the necessary factors in the quota of enjoyment. It was the acknowledged adjunct in the society in which they both moved; it was not so much choice as habit. They had been educated in the custom and practice of such matters.

On the shore, close by the edge of the

dancing water, a group of men lounged and talked. They were of that class which seek a livelihood on the uncertain bounty of the waters—strong, hardy, brave men as a rule.

'Where are you off to now, Ben?' called a bronzed, jovial-looking waterman, to a young, stalwart man, of about twenty-four or tyenty-five years of age.

'Going to get a pint of beer to drink to Cap'n Maurice's boat,' answered Ben Styles.

'Stop a bit, man; we'll come with you,' said the first speaker, readily. 'Come along, mates. If we're sharp, we'll get our pint, and be back afore they start. We won't miss the start, anyway.'

The whole of the group hurried to the nearest public-house, and called for their 'pints,' lustily enough. They were in haste to get back to the scene of action. Only stopping to drink their beer and give a boistercus cheer for the 'Medora,' they left the house all in company, as they had entered; but just as they had pased the threshold of the door Ben Styles hesitated slunk a step behind, and then, as his companions did not appear to notice his tardiness, he slipped back again to the bar, and called for yet another glass.

He did not rejoin the others till just as the signal was given for starting the yachts, and then he said carelessly that he was going afloat, Maybe there'd be something wanted by one of the boats, and he might get a job.

The sea was like a river, as calm and placid as a stretch of pictured water. Gradually the group dispersed, and the men went their different ways. Just as the last two or three were moving off a girl came up, and spoke to them—pleasant, bright-faced, respectable girl.

'Have you seen Ben?'

'Ben Styles? He was here just now, Nell. D'ye want him?'

'I want to know where he is,' she answered, a little anxiously.

'He's gone off, my girl. Thought he might likely as not get a job.'

The girl shaded her eyes with her hand and looked over the shining waters.

'Do you know if Ben's been taking any drink, this morning?' she asked, half hesitatingly, anxiety getting the better of her reluctance to let the real cause of her anxiety be known.

'Only a pint or so, with the rest of us, Nell. What a craze this teetotal business has worked on you! As if a pint'd hurt any man.'

Nell shook her head, and sighed.

'When a man begins with a pint he most times doesn't leave off there,' she answered steadily.

'Oh, never you fear for Ben; he's right enough. You mustn't look for him to be taking up your old women's notions,d'ye see, Nell?'

'Nobody can depend on being right enough who takes the drink,' said Nell, sturdily, 'There's Ben's mother, you know, she's to be thought of. She hasn't got any one but Ben to care for her since the night Ben's father was drowned. She's a lone widow.'

'Ay, true enough, my girl. Poor Styles, he met his death while on duty, and it comes to us all in turn,' answered one of the men, feelingly. 'But don't you go fretting about your sweetheart, my dear. He'll be after asking you to get your gown ready, and to fix the day soon, Nell; never fear.'

He turned away with a jovial laugh as he saw the color flash up into Nell's face.

'I believe there's some truth in what the girl fears, as sure as my name is what it is, however,' remarked one of the other men when they had left Nell out of hearing of their voices. 'Ben Styles likes his beer uncommon well. Didn't you see how he turned back for another pint, after we'd left the 'Merry Sailor?'

'Did he, though? Ah, well, to-day's a bit of a holiday, you know, Johnnie, and you can't notice trifles. There, just look at them boats! Ain't they as pretty a sight as any in the three kingdoms? 'My word, but just see how the 'Medora' skims along! She'll win; she'll come in first.'

'She's a clean little craft. She don't disappoint you, but does as you expect. See, they are rounding the buoy. Now they are coming home. It won't be long now afore its over.'

A quarter of an hour passed, and as the minutes slipped by the excitement on the parade and shore line increased. The breeze was a very light one, but what little wind was in motion filled the sails of the yachts, and they glided through the calm, shimmering waters with a peculiarly graceful movement.

The 'Medora' still led, and Captain Maurice and his young lieutenant, Brian Holmes, were studying every motion of their boat with intense excitement. Their gaze would every few moments flash over the water to where the buoy which marked the winning goal bobbed up and down with the swell of the under current. Their faces were flushed to an unwonted crimson—the combined influences of the sun's rays, their unusual exertions, and the champagne which they had drunk. They strained every nerve to its utmost tension to ascertain if the wind had varied so much as a single point, and talked with keen zest of the probable advantages and disadvantages of the competing yachts.

The minutes flew by; the 'Medora' kept her proud position at the head of the other boats. The result was almost a foregone conclusion, but the excitement of the yachtsmen and the onlookers did not in consequence abate. All eyes were upon the handsome little craft as she bore gracefully on her way. Another moment or two of breathless suspense, and the 'Medora' had won!

Congratulations and hearty cheering testified to the popularity of the winning yacht, and for a short time all was bustle and pleasurable satisfaction. The sunshine was unclouded, the sea calm and beautiful as a lake, the gentlest of breezes scarcely rippled the colors from the 'Medora's' mast.

Suddenly, breaking in with a shock of unreality upon the gay enjoyment there rose a cry, 'Man overboard!'

Some heard, some could not distinguish the words, till the news was repeated excitedly from lip to lip. Captain Maurice was talking gaily with Holmes, and did not hear, until Holmes, turning with sudden impetuosity, sprang to the yacht's side, and hung over the deck rail, saying as he did so—

'What's the matter over there, Maurice? Did you hear that cry?'

CHAPTER II.—THE 'EXTRA GLASS.'

Immediately by the side of the 'Medora,' and close by the buoy with its gay flag, a panic had seized upon the occupants of the numerous small skiffs, that glided arily about, and the other yachts which had now reached the goal. Everyone seemed appalled by some unlooked-for disaster, and was hanging over the water as far as safety would permit, shouting and gesticulating excitedly.

'It's Ben Styles,' answered a man in a boat close by the 'Medora,' as he heard Brian Holmes questioning as to what had occurred. 'He's gone clean over the side of his cockle-shell and nobody can't find him.'

Captain Maurice repeated the name almost incredulously.

'Ben Styles!' Why I saw him less than a minute ago. He was rowing close round the buoy. What caused the accident?'

Then, with impatient alarm, he called out to some in small boats near—'

'Can't you fellows do anything? The man will be drowned. Styles can't swim, can he?' Where did he go down?'

'Close by the buoy, sir. He came up once, and shouted for help, but he went under again before any of the chaps could get near him.'

'Row all round the buoy. What a crowd of boats there are! There's no chance to tell where the poor fellow has got. He's under some of the craft. What an awful thing!'

'His boat is floating upside down,' Holmes said, hastily pointing to a transversed punt some little distance away. 'How could Styles have got upset into the water?'

Consternation, anxiety, terror, panic had now succeeded the gaiety and mirth of ten minutes earlier. Every effort was made to rescue the unfortunate man, but all proved unsuccessful conjecture as many would and did, not one really knew beyond that how the unhappy Styles met his death. The pleasure-seekers hung over the sides of the boats and yachts with horrified and agitated faces. How strangely far away death had seemed from any and all of them that glorious golden noontide, and how tragically, solemnly, near it was notwithstanding all their merriment and hilarity.

Captain Maurice was keenly agitated. He was a man of acutely sensative organization, restless and easily thrown off his mental equipoise by any unexpected event of a painful character. He couldn't remain inactive on board the 'Medora,', He hastened to reach the shore and try to ascertain some few particulars of the accident if possible.

As he sprang on to the shingle he saw a group of men talking together in a subdued manner. It was easy to see they were discussing the sad and terrible occurrence.

'Do any of you fellows know how it happened?' asked Captain Maurice, hurriedly. 'What a fearful thing. Can't anything be done?'

One of the men took off his cap and rubbed his head thoughtfully.

'Nobody knows the rights of it, sir. I guess the 'Medora,' was about as near the poor chap as any of the craft, but you don't seem to know no more than any of us how it happened. Somebody saw him lean over the side of the punt, and try to straighten out the flag on the buoy, and he must have lost his balance, and once in the water there wasn't much chance for him with all them skiffs and yachts about. He must have floated underneath one of the bigger boats, or got stunned by a blow from an oar, as likely as not. Poor chap, poor Styles! He was always a decent sort of a mate.'

'Couldn't swim, eh?' asked the gentleman, still looking agitated.

'No, sir, and perhaps it was all the worse for him. But we can't tell in a case like this. It mightn't have been any help to him if he could have.'

'All you men ought to know how to swim.'

'Maybe, sir. It'll be a terrible blow for Ben's old mother. You see she hadn't anyone but Ben to depend upon. There's Nell Grey,too, a tidy lass the poor chap's sweetheart; she'll take it to heart. Now, it's a queer thing; but just before the race began Nell she was here, asking for Ben. She seemed to have got it into her head that there was like to be something wrong with him. Poor lass, she didn't know what was coming upon her!'

Captain Maurice looked a degree startled and incredulous.

'Why, what made the girl think there was

likely to be anything wrong with Ben?' he exclaimed.

'Well, cap'n, you must make allowances for a girl's fancies, but Nell, she's teetotal, and she was for fearing that Ben might get a drop of something to drink.'

'But there was nothing of that kind, was there?'

'Oh, no; leastways, nothing to speak of. He was fond of a glass, there's no denying that; but——'

'But, he hadn't been drinking this morning, eh?'

The man hesitated, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

'No, nothing to speak of,' he said reluctantly.

Captain Maurice moved on restlessly. He met dozens of acquaintances who were divided between their wish to congratulate him on the success of the 'Medora,' and concern for the terrible tragedy which had startled them all. But he was in no mood for careless, lighthearted talk. He passed most of them with a few hasty words of recognition, and there was something in his demeanour that made many hesitate to detain him.

At the end of the parade he met the poor, childless mother, hurrying up to gain any further news of the sudden, fearful accident which had so relentlessly robbed her of her son. The captain stopped and extended his hand with that frank air of kindly sympathy which won him so many friends.

'This is a terrible blow for you, Mrs. Styles. Everybody is profoundly sorry for you. Ben was a favorite with us all. He was a brave, manly fellow.'

'Thank you, sir. I'm sure you're very kind to say so,' the poor woman answered. She looked dazed and harrassed, as if she had not yet realized the full meaning and weight of her trouble. 'They don't know how it happened, do they? Was Ben alone in the boat?'

'Yes, quite alone. No one can tell just how it occurred. He lost his balance; the punt lurched, or something of the kind, probably.'

'Nell says'—she looked round, half fearful of being overheard—'Nell says it wouldn't have happened if Ben hadn't had a glass or two of beer. But it couldn't have been that that did the mischief sure, sir.'

'Certainly not,' Of course not. Ben was not that kind of a fellow, was he, Mrs. Styles?'

The poor mother looked confused, and seemed at a loss how to reply.

'Nell, she's turned teetotal, you see, sir, and that's how it is she thinks more of a little slip now and again. She's been trying to get our Ben to sign. But, ah! poor lad, he'll never do it for her now. He was desperate fond of Nell, though.'

She put up her hand to wipe away a few hot tears that fell from her eyes, and then hurried on to the shore. It was all too pitiful. The little groups of people made way for her silently. They all understood that she was Ben's mother, and that was enough.

And Captain Maurice went slowly homeward. The thought of the gaiety of an hour before palled upon him. Suppose it were true what this girl, Nell Grey, said? Suppose those glasses of beer which poor Ben Styles had drunk in honor of the 'Medora,' had been the means of sending him to his death beneath those placid, scarcely moving waters? If it were so, was he, Captain Maurice, quite free from blame? He knew that in his careless, good-nature, as he swung off down the shore at a merry pace that golden morning, he had slipped a crown into the hand of Ben Styles, and one or two other men, with a jovial injunction to drink to the health of the 'Medora.'

In the distance he saw Nell Grey, lingering about with the futile hope that even yet there might be news of her lover. The captain turned down a side street; he could not meet the girl. He felt that he could not brook the reproach in her eyes.

An hour or two later Brian Holmes sauntered in to have a chat and a cigar with his friend, Captain Maurice, and naturally the talk fell upon the morning's fatal accident.

'Sad about the poor fellow,' Holmes said; 'very,' He knocked the white ashes from his cigar and went on talking thoughtfully. 'I met old Phil Brown, as I came down the street and stopped to have a word with him. He seemed to have taken a queer notion into his head that Ben had a glass too much before going afloat this morning. It appears that Styles and three or four of his mates had been having a pint or so at one of the pubs, and after they had all left poor Ben turned in again, and had another glass or two. But it isn't likely that such a trifle would have had any serious effect upon a strong, hearty fellow such as he was, you know.'

Holmes looked round at his companion, a little anxiously, though the feeling was veiled in a way.

'I can't say,' answered the captain, slowly and uneasily. 'The sun was frightfully scorching, and to tell you the truth, Holmes, that bottle of champagne we popped seemed to make me feel horribly dizzy.'

'Nonsense,' returned the younger man, hastily. It's a terrible thing about poor Styles, but it isn't likely that the beer had anything to do with the accident.' And he began talking upon another matter of local importance, to prove to himself and Captain Maurice the absurdity of the previous supposition,

But both men possessed an inner uncomfortable consciousness that there was probably more truth in what Phil Brown had said than either of them cared to believe.

Yet, for all that they knew, they still drank their wine and 'popped' their champagne.

'And pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Bobby's Rescue.

(By Fannie Best Jones, in 'Temperance Banner.')

The day was quite warm, and young Mrs. Rays, drowsy from the effect of the tonic her physician had prescribed for her, napped fitfully for a couple of hours.

When she awakened she found it was time for Bobby's afternoon bath. But when she sought him it was discovered that he was missing.

'The last time I seen 'im,' asserted Deborah, the housemaid, 'he was tellin' me so solemn-like about a funny little house he seen in the cellar, all full o' little rooms, with a bottle settin' in every room, that I 'most killed myself a-laughin'.'

Though the cellar was searched, and Bobby's name called in agonized accents, no Bobby responded.

'I thought he was with you, Deborah,' Mrs. Ray said, reproachfully..

'An' indeed, I'd ha' been terrible upset if I'd knowed as he wasn't with you, ma'am,' returned Deborah, tearfully.

When the whole neighborhod had been fruitlessly searched, Mrs. Rays, bonnetless, with her fair, fluffy hair flying about her face in wild disorder, rushed into the corner drugstore to telephone to her husband the direful intelligence that Bobby was lost!

A few minutes after she returned home a hatless, breathless man covered the walk at the side of the house in a few bounds, crying gaspingly, as he sprang up the back porch steps, 'When was he lost? Where did you lose him?'

'La, sir!' As if me an' Mrs. Rays wouldn't ha' found 'im afore this if we'd knowed that!' cried Deborah.

'He's gone, that's all we do know,' moaned the young mother, helplessly.

'Then I'll telephone every police station in the city to send men out at once to search for him,' exclaimed Mr. Rays, with a great sinking at his heart, as a dusty, tired little figure, plodding wearily along a lonely byway pictured itself to his mind. 'Though someone may have stolen—'

'La, me!' interrupted Deborah. 'That's it! He's been stole! The gypsies has 'im. I feel it in my bones. I seen 'em as big as life, camped on the river road, as me an' my comp'ny was comin' home from his cousin's comp'ny's funeral Sunday!'

'Oh, Robert! They'll hold him for a ransom and we'll never be able to raise the money to release him!' gasped Mrs. Rays, as a confused vision of thumb-screws and folding walls, interspersed with an occasional crust of bread and cup of cold water, caused her to sink half-fainting into a porch chair.

'Go quick, sir; go, quick!' besought Deborah wildly fanning Mrs. Rays with a corner of her apron.

Mr. Rays did go quick, and without delay the woeful tidings were communicated from station to station, and men were at once detailed on the work of rescue.

Emerging hurriedly from the drugstore, Mr. Rays brushed against an old gentleman who was just entering it.

Beg pardon, sir! Oh, is it you, Doctor? Just left word for you to come to my house. Needed there—life or death!' and Mr. Rays struck off at such a break-neck speed that even the leisurely old doctor quickened his pace as he followed him, wondering where the pain had caught Bobby this time.

Dr. Howe was a very quiet, self-possessed old gentleman, and always commanded great respect from young and old, but it was terribly exasperating to Mr. and Mrs. Rays to have him, at such a critical juncture quietly saunter up the walk, and after a quizzical survey of the occupants of the porch, say deliberately :

'What's the scrimmage here?'

There was a variety of incoherent ejaculations from the father and mother, but Deborah's response was lucid enough.

'It's Bobby, sir,' she cried. 'The gipsies has 'im! They just stalked up in broad daylight an' stole 'im away right under our very eyes. An' we can't get 'im back till we pay more money nor one could earn at service in ten years, sir ! La, me, it's dreffful!'

'You told me to let him play outdoors, Doctor,' moaned Mrs. Rays, 'though I knew he was too beautiful to be alone a minute. His patrician face made them think he was a millionnaire's son, and we'll never see him again! Oh, Robert, our own beautiful boy!'

The thought of Bobby's fat, round face, with his short,tip-tilted nose,struck the doctor with amusing distinctness, But the smile it produced was speedily checked under the mother's reproachful glance.

'How have you learned all this?' he asked, quietly.

'The truth is, Doctor,' broke in Mr. Rays, who was pacing distractedly about the porch, 'we have learned nothing — we only know he's gone. I've telephoned every station, so every policeman in the city will be on the lookout for him. Tell me what move to make next! I'm completely dazed.'

'Well,' returned Dr. Howe, with aggravat-

ing deliberation, 'have you scoured the premises thoroughly?'

A douche of cold water could not have been received with greater disfavor than the doctor's query.

'Oh, Doctor, how can you?' Mrs. Rays cried, brokenly, while Mr. Rays gazed at him reproachfully, and Deborah raised her hands in horror as she rolled her eyes upward, too overcome to speak.

'We have searched every place where he was in the habit of playing,' continued Mrs. Rays in a faint, weak voice. 'The cellar and the nursery — you looked in the nursery, didn't you, Deborah?'

'That I did, ma'am!' returned Deborah, her voice returning with two-fold force. An' I'm glad as it wasn't yourself as went, fur I most 'break out, when I think 'o them little blocks just as he left 'em, piled up in the corner. An' his picture-book lyin' on its face, with a leaf tore out right under the feet 'o the horse what's goin' to the war, with a soldier doll strapped to his back. An' the blessed capting hisself flung into a dark, dark dunging, all along o' them thievin' gipsies!'

As Deborah's voice terminated in a sorrowful wail, Mrs. Ray's sobs came thick and fast.

'How about the parlor, and dining-room and bed-rooms, Mrs. Rays—have you been through them all?' pursued the doctor, with heartless composure.

'Why, Doctor!' sobbed Mrs. Rays reprovingly, 'we couldn't waste time that way. Our Bobby never goes into those rooms when they're closed and darkened.'

'But in warm weather a child might wander into a darkened room and fall asleep there. I suggest that we search the house before investigating further.'

So the discreet old doctor, in spite of the dissenting voices, led the way through the kitchen into the side-hall. No Bobby was there, and Deborah, in high dudgeon at the turn affairs had taken, was about to beat a retreat, when the doctor pushed the dining-room door wide open, flooding the room with light; and there, on the floor, in full view of the rescuing party; lay the object of their search.

'Behold the elucidation of a momentous mystery!' cried the Doctor, jocosely. But no one paid any attention to him, for confusion was reigning supreme.

Mrs. Rays flung herself on the floor beside Bobby, kissing him, and begging him to 'wake up.' Though Mr. Rays added his entreaties, Bobby merely opened one eye—immediately closing it—in response to their importunate pleadings.

As the Doctor pulled up the blinds Deborah made a discovery.

'La, me!' she exclaimed, 'if he ain't ben a-lyin' on the beer bottle tonic you subscribed for his ma's health, Doctor! An' it's most dry! Mis' Rays, you don't think he's gone an' drunk it, do you?'

Everything in the room seemed to spin about Mrs. Rays as her breath came in short, quick gasps.

'Bobby!' she cried, frantically, 'wake up darling!'

'Give him air, and bathe his face,' commanded the doctor, soberly.

Mr. Rays carried him to the poarch, and in another moment Deborah was bending over him, moaning while she bathed his face that 'the darkness o' the gypsies' dunging could not ha' left 'im in no worse condition.'

Bobby began to revive as the cold water took effect. He opened his bleary eyes and looked about him wonderingly as he braced himself in his papa's arms.

'Is—my—hair light?' he asked, tugging at his straight black hair in a vain endeavor to bring a lock within range of his vision.

'Your head is, my poor, purty lamb,' sobbed Deborah. 'La, me!' that we should ha' ever been' brung to this pass all along o' a medicine what's subscribed fur health!'

'Tell mamma what you did, darling pleaded Mrs. Rays.

'I drink med'shin,' Bobby answered slowly and laboriously, 'to make me get light hair like mama's. Deb'rah told—'

'La!' interrupted Deborah. 'I tole 'im not to tech it when he rattled on about the little house full of bottles in the cellar. I tole 'im jest the truth—savin' your presence Doctor—as how it was his ma's medicine what you had subscribed, an' would make 'im light headed.'

Bobby nodded.

'An' I wanted a pretty light head,' he supplemented, lovingly touching his mother's fair curls.

'But I couldn't see in the side-board glass,' he added with a sigh, 'it was too dark, an' I got sleepier an' sleepier.'

'But the bottle must have been corked,' said Dr. Howe, perplexedly. 'Bobby, how did you get the cork out?'

Bobby let his head drop on his papa's shoulder as he answered, wearily:

'It made me dreffui tired! It wouldn't come out till I put a stick through the little handle and' pulled an' pulled, an' pulled more times.'

La! who'd ha 'thunk he knowed how? Them villanous rubber corks does pop awful easy, if you put somethin" through the loop an' pull,' explained Deborah, dolefully.

'Poor little Bobby,' said Mr. Rays, sadly, holding his little boy in a tight clasp. 'He's very young to have taken a peep into the Jericho road.'

'But it may be the means of saving him from its allurements in future years,' cried Mrs. Rays, brokenly. 'At any rate, his mother won't lead him there.'

She arose, a look of determination on her pale, sorrowful face.

'Bring that case of bottles from the cellar,' she said.

'Now, hold Bobby beside me, Robert,' she added, when Deborah had deposited the case on the porch.

As she stood upon the top step,—a pretty, young, girlish figure—the sunshine seemed to turn the fair, fluffy, hair Bobby loved so well into golden floss, as a light breeze gently tossed it about.

Taking a bottle in either hand, she said, 'Do you see what I am doing, Bobby?'

Bobby nodded, sleepily.

'Goin' to drink more light-head med'shin,' he replied.

'No, Bobby,' she cried, earnestly, 'I will never drink it again. My boy will never again be led into wrong-doing by his mother's example. Look!' and with a dexterous movement, she flung the bottles one by one on the cement walk, each shattering to atoms as it fell.

Bobby followed her motions with wondering eyes.

'Me, too!' he said, brightening up. 'Let me throw it away, too!'

She put the last bottle in his chubby hand, which, with her assistance, sent it the way of the others.

'Would that all evil spirits could be exorcised as easily,' moralized the doctor soberly. 'Perhaps there would be a closer hold upon the morals of the growing generation if the profession refrained from prescribing 'light-head' medicine as prodigally as it is done. I intend to give the matter serious consideration. In the meantime,' he added, looking about for his hat, 'now that Bobby has been rescued, and the enemy routed, I may as well return to my duties. I'll telephone the stations that the lost is found, Robert, so the poor gipsies can bake and brew in peace.'

'But this occurrence, Doctor,' put in Mr. Rays, perplexedly, 'of course it is a family secret—'

'Of course!' continued the doctor, promptly. 'So I'd better let fall a few hints that will throw the rampageous reporters off the track. If any of them call, refuse to be interviewed.'

. . . . . .

Though the doors of the Rays' household had been closed against all representatives of the press, the following day the public was treated to a graphic account—published 'exclusively,' in each of the three dailies—of the attempted abduction, in broad daylight, of little Bobby Rays.

Also of his rescue from an untoward fate by his brave mother, who tore him from the clutches of the enemy, who had fled in fear and trembling before her wrath.

Mr. Rays was somewhat amused at the sensational report, but Mrs. Rays, perceiving the drift of the doctor's 'hints,' as she read between the lines, clasped her boy closely in her arms, while Deborah boldly asserted 'that it was every word true,' fur Bobby had been' torn from a destroyin' enemy that she mistrusted might in years ha' held 'im tighter nor the blackest gipsy dunging could ha' done!'

Currency of Both Countries.

(By J. A. Davis.)

'What is the difference between me and my Cousin John?' asked Will Watson of his bachelor uncle. 'We are in the same Sunday-school class, attend the same church and Christian Endeavor Society, both read the bible and pray every day, and both try to do right. Without boasting, it seems to me that I am as good as he.'

'Outwardly, perhaps, but at heart are you?'

'It does not seem to me that we differ even there. I don't believe John is a hypocrite, and I am sure I am not. If he gets to heaven I believe I shall.'

'I hope you will get there, but you are too unlike John now to reach heaven.'

'Do you really believe John will reach heaven and I not?'

'Yes, unless you change.'

'But why should I, if my life is as good as his? I am doing all I can.'

'Not all! though I admit yours is an upright, honest, worthy life, as far as the world goes. But it lacks something.'

'What, I'd like to know?'

'Perhaps I can illustrate by this greenback. Examine it carefully. It is a nice, new, clean bill and was made at the place where the government bills are printed. Is it good?'

'I think so. I see nothing wrong about it; is there?'

'Not that I know. But would it be a good bill, would you take it, if it had no signatures?'

'Certainly not. It would be worthless without those.'

'Even though nice, clean, new, and printed at the government place?'

'It is entirely without value as currency without the signature of government officials.'

'That is, the currency, to be of value, must have a governmental signature or stamp?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, Will, your life is good, but will not pass in heaven because it has no stamp nor signature of that government on it. Our government officials will not sign bills made

by other than the proper persons. Your life lacks the endorsement of Christ, and he will not own you because your worth is the result of human effort rather than the Holy Spirit.'

'But, uncle, it seems to me that my life accords with the requirements of the bible. I keep the law, obey the commands of God's word, and cannot understand why I should be excluded from heaven.

'Perhaps another banknote will help me to explain. This, you see, is a note of the Bank of England. It is worthless as currency here, but valuable in Great Britain. Now, why must I have these rather than greenbacks when I go to England ?'

'Why, you must use the currency of the country in which you are.'

'Then greenbacks, worth their face here, are worthless elsewhere. Why is that ?'

'Each country has its own currency.'

'Is that right ?'

'I suppose so, or it would not be.'

'Then, if greenbacks are current only in America, why do you insist that a good life, current here, be accepted as current in heaven ?'

'I begin to see your meaning.'

'Then let me add, that if you would have your good life accepted in heaven, you must have it indorsed by the Lord Jesus. Before he will do that you must repent of all sin and give your soul to him for salvation. You must submit your will to his, and enter his service for this and the life to come. Jesus never indorses what does not belong to him.'

'Uncle, I see now that my life does differ greatly from John's. He trusts in Jesus for salvation, and I in my own worthiness. He lives for Christ, and I for this world and a good record.'

'That is, you expect that life current here will pass in heaven. If you have learned that heaven, rather let me say Christ's Kingdom, has it own currency, its own standard of life, then you have learned a lesson that many fail to get. But do not forget that the name of Jesus must be on everything that is to be admitted to heaven.'

'Uncle, your illustration of the currency helps me. I see that while I have the currency of one, John has that of both countries; so he has a right to be certain that his life will be accepted in heaven. I have trusted in the neatness of the bill rather than in its signature. I see I must have the name of Jesus, the King of heaven's kingdom, on my life.—'Wellspring.'

The Drummer Boy.

In a book entitled 'Our Army Nurses,' the following story is told by one of the noble women who cared for the suffering soldiers in the great Civil War.

On entering her hospital word, one morning, she was attracted by one of the new faces she saw there, It was a child's face, and it wore a smile.

'His name is Henry ——, not yet twelve, but he has been in the army over three years,' the attendant said.

The nurse went to the cot where he lay.

'Good morning, mother,' he said, cheerfully, holding out a thin hand.

'You dear little fellow, how came you here? You are so young.'

'My father was drafted, and I got them to take me with him for a drummer-boy. I've got no mother, nor brothers, nor sisters.'

'Ah, so you called me mother. You do need some one to take mother's place, I am sure.'

'Yes'm. The boys told me you would take care of me.'

'And where is your father?'

'He was killed three months ago at Antietam. I was wounded then—in my hip — same ball that killed my father. The surgeon says that I will be a cripple always.

The eyes of the nurse were growing moist. 'My little boy looks very happy, after all. What makes you so?' she asked.

The child pulled a little bible from under his pillow, and replied, 'In the bible it says, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." If I get well, and try to be good, I guess I shall have a home somewhere. If I don't get well, I'm sure I shall.'

There was more than one deeply interested listener now; and each had some new question to ask the lad. Childlike faith like his was rare, even in the hospital, where it was common for men to feel that they could not die unless they were listening to a hymn or a prayer.

'My little lad,' someone asked, 'who taught you to trust in God?'

'My mamma, until she died; then my papa.'

When he got better he was heard one Sunday morning plaintively to say: 'I wish I could go to Sunday-school.' Then there followed a pleasant sight. Two of the ward attendants said: 'Get the child ready; we'll look after him.' They crossed their hands and carried the cripple to Sunday-school every Sunday while he was in camp. But they did not go alone. By ones and twos and threes the big soldiers followed the little fellow, and stole into church. They all loved him, and someone looking on, said:—'A little child shall lead them.'

One day a surgeon came to the nurse and said: 'Here is a man looking for a soldier orphan boy to adopt. Tell him all you know of Henry.'

The nurse told him of the lad's brief life, his beautiful spirit, and his longing for an education and a home.

'You have interested me greatly,' said the man, with moistened eyes. 'My wife and I had planned to go to Camp Denison, but we both dreamed on the same night that we should come to Camp Chase. I think God has led us. I am sure she will wish to take the boy.'

In a few minutes the lad's feeble arms were twined about the man's neck. He was crying for joy. To those who clustered around to bid the little fellow good-bye, the child said:

'I was sure God had a home for me.'

—'Youth's Companion.'

Not Hers.

A reminiscence of Mrs. Stowe published in the 'Atlantic Monthly' says that she always spoke and behaved as if she recognized herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit. She was never afflicted with a personal consciousness of her reputation, nor was she trammelled by it. The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her more humble, and her shy, absent-minded ways were continually throwing her admirers into confusion.

Late in life, when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind, she was accosted in the garden of her country retreat in the twilight one evening by a good old retired sea captain who was her neighbor for the time.

'When I was younger,' said he, respectfully, holding his hat in his hand while he spoke, 'I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it.'

'I did not write it,' answered the white-haired old lady gently, as she shook the captain's hand.

'You didn't!' he ejaculated, in amazement. 'Why, who did, then ?'

'God wrote it,' she replied, simply. 'I merely did his dictation.'

'Amen!' said the captain, reverently, as he walked thoughtfully away.—'Wellspring.'

The Waif.

Just a lonely little maiden from the city's dust and heat,
A homeless, lonely, little waif with blue eyes sad and sweet;
No father's hand with thoughtful care the little life had blessed,
No mother's touch of love had e'er the tangled hair caressed.

Her ears had heard sin's blasphemies, her cheeks had felt its blows,
And in the wide, wide city she had lived,—just how, God knows.
But now, out to the country,—kind hearts had planned the way—
She rode to breathe the summer breath a fortnight and a day.

Oh, joy of all that journey! and sweeter joy to come
When Farmer Stebbins took her to his pleasant upland home.
The wide old-fashioned waggon was a chariot with wings,
And the big house on the hillside looked grander than a king's.

All the beaming bliss of sunshine, all the woodland's song and stir,
All the bloom of rural beauty was paradise to her,
And the hum of bees that wandered in the daisy fields all day
Was music of another world that stole her heart away.

She knew the spreading maple that the robins loved the best
She found the clump of grasses where the ground bird hid its nest,
And when the wind at evening whispered thro' the orchard boughs
She went with Farmer Stebbins to help drive home the cows.

And when, at quiet bedtime, with touch of tender care
Kind Mother Stebbins's gentle hand brushed back the tangled hair,
One little heart with happiness was full and running o'er,
One little soul was filled with love till it could hold no more.

Too soon the visit ended, the parting time drew nigh,
She kissed kind Mother Stebbins, bid the birds and bees good-by,
And climbed into the waggon with its wide old-fashioned seat,
Once more a homeless little waif with blue eyes sad and sweet.

But when they reached the station and heard the whistle's blast,
Around the farmer's sunbrowned neck two little arms clung fast.
'Don't send me back! Don't send me!' the sobbing creature said.
And Farmer Stebbins swallowed hard, then bent his bushy head.

And soft unloosed the clinging arms and put the grieved child down;
He stooped and kissed the tear-stained face and smoothed the hair of brown;
And then,—the long-train sped away around a distant hill,
But a happy brown-haired maiden stays with Farmer Stebbins still.

— Sheldon C. Stoddard, in 'Youth's Companion.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Tiny Housekeeper.

'I have found a charming little home up among the rafters. Come and look at it.'

'Oh, a spider's home!'

No, not really her home, this wide-spread web is her trap, her hunting-net, her fishing-seine, wherewith she draws the fields of air, but not her home.

Look back of the web; do you see a funnel of white silk, tightly woven, and firmly fastened down? That is Madame Spider's home, her bedroom, nursery, dining-room, her house.'

'I think that the spider is the ugliest insect that there is,' says one. But pardon me, the spider is not an insect at all. All insects have six legs; the spider has eight; every insect's body is in three parts, head, chest, hinder part; the spider has but two parts to her body.

The spider is something like an insect, something like a crab or crustacean—in fact, it is classed of late among the crustaceans. Its covering is not built of rings, like that of insects, but is a tough skin approaching the covering of some of the shrimps. Let us look at the life of Madame Spider.

'Why not say Mister Spider?' you ask.

It is Madame Spider who is the usual spinner, house-builder, caretaker. In nine cases out of ten the web is made and inhabited by the mother spider alone, except when her children are little. Mrs. Spider is generally on bad terms with Mr. Spider. She has an ugly habit of biting off his legs, so that in general he has only three or four of his eight left him. He then goes into a retreat among roots, or under stones, to wait until new legs grow. In this power to regrow a lost member, the spider is like the crab.

How does Madame Spider build her web? The material is wound on little spinnarets or wheels, within her body. She attaches an end of a line of her silk to some object from which she means to begin her web, then she draws it forth, slowly guiding and twisting it with her feet. In making her trap-web she makes her long lines, or rays first. They cross in the center. Then she begins with the circular or cross lines, the outer one first. The exterior three or four are widest apart; as she nears the center the lines are closer together. Finally the web is finished, and Madame is at the center.

Her last care is to attach a line which she carries to her closely woven nest or home.

This line is usually held in her hand, as she sits in her home; the least jar of the web is communicated to this line in the spider's little hand—she has two hands near her mouth—and at once she runs up to see what is taken in the web.

Now let us sprinkle on the web a little bit or two of broken scraps of straw or leaves. The line reports disturbance, and up comes the house-mistress. The spider is exceedingly neat; the very least litter

on her web is a provocation to her: at once she takes hold of the web with one of her hands and shakes it gently, to shake off the refuse. If it still clings she shakes harder. Now if it is still on the web, she resolves to sacrifice a part to the whole: a more rough shake may bring down the entire web, so she carefully cuts out the soiled portion, using her jaws as a pair of scissors. When the objectionable part falls out, she carefully mends the web, matching the threads as beautifully as the most expert seamstress.—'Child's Paper.'

Conquer by Kindness.

I was amused at an act of politeness I once witnessed on the part of a monkey that had a peculiar effect on my dog. One day an Italian organ grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into our town, and the man stopped before my house to play.

The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the music, the monkey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, came up into my yard.

He was at once spied by a fox terrier of mine, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house, and would not leave until satisfied that his polite but mysterious friend had departed.

Boys, you can learn a lesson from this. Ask Jesus to help you to follow his example, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. Be polite and gentle, and rude boys will be ashamed and be led to see that Christians can conquer by kindness.—'Unknown.'

Making Yesterdays.

'What are you doing, Frank?'

'Nothing, mother.'

'Oh, yes, my boy, you are,' said mother, as Frank, looking rather surprised, slipped down awkwardly from the window seat, where he had been idly lolling, and came towards her, hands in pockets. 'And I will tell you what it is: you are busy making a yesterday.'

Frank stared a little harder and opened his mouth.

'Making yesterdays, mother,' he drawled; 'what's that?'

'Why, Frank, don't you see,' said mother, 'that every 'to-day' very soon gets to be a 'yesterday,' and then we look back on the work we have done or left undone, and sometimes we feel very much ashamed. Yesterday has got all its record written down, and we can't alter it one bit, even though we are ever so good to-day. Its time is gone, and its chances are gone; and when we look back on it we may be glad or sorry, but we can't mend it or go over it again. To-morrow we may plan for, but yesterday we can only remember, and sometimes we don't

quite enjoy doing that. You know how yesterday afternoon you——'

'Oh, don't, mother,' put in Frank, as though he was afraid that the sleepy old cat, the only creature within hearing, would listen to the story, and know how he had wasted a whole afternoon grumbling at the rain.

'Very well, I won't remind you,' said mother, smiling, 'for I often feel ashamed of my yesterdays, or of bits of them; only make a better one, Frank, out of this to-day, so that when you wake up to-morrow morning you will have a nice pleasant, busy yesterday lying behind, not an ugly wasted, empty one, frowning at you from across the last sunset.'

Frank wondered a little at the strange idea, and then he set to work. He mended the rabbit-hutch first, and then he fed the pigeons and tidied up his little sister's garden. The next morning he found he had made a very much better yesterday; it looked out over the wall of night with a bright smile, and sent him forward with a glad heart into another to-day.—Lucy Taylor, in 'Band of Hope Review.'

Our Father's House.

We are busy toiling
  In the lower room,
Working for our Father,
  Mid the shade and gloom.

We must leave our labor,
  At the close of day,
We shall hear him calling,
  'Children, come away,

'Lay aside your labor,
  Climb the stair of death,
Where the gloom is lighted
  By the lamp of faith.'

We are very fearful,
  Children still are we;
When we see the darkness,
  Hushed the mirth and glee.

One by one then climbing
  Upward through the gloom,
Till we meet our Father
  In the upper room.

Joy by far exceeding
  All we dreamt below
In the Father's presence
  Shall his children know.

Well he knows our failures,
  All our faults and fears,
We will praise his mercy
  For the bygone years.

Thank him for his goodness,
  For the victories won,
Shall I hear him saying,
  'Child of mine, well done?'

—'British Messenger.'

Emma's Ambition.

'O mamma!' she said, looking up with flushed face; 'There is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm 'most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard; and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger-cake some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?'

'I don't think I could be coaxed to do it,' said Mrs. Eastman. 'The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting and fly to the gate if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least.'

'Mamma!' said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice. 'What makes you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?'

'Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room, and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother.'

'O, well,' said Emma, her cheeks very red, 'that is different, nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything.'

'Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken.'

'Mamma!' said Emma again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised,

'They certainly do—listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.' And once he said to a man, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?'—Pansy.

Rest.

A mother was talking to her sick and dying child, trying to sooth the suffering one. First she told the little one of the music in heaven that she would hear—of the harps and songs of joy. 'But, mamma,' spoke the feeble child, 'I am so sick, it would give me pain to hear that music.'

The mother, grieved at the failure of her words to comfort her darling, next told her of the River of Life, gushing from the throne of God, and of the lovely scenes of the New Jerusalem. She talked at length, and finally paused. 'Mamma, I'm too sick,' lisped the dying child, 'too tired to like those pretty things.'

Deeply pained, the mother lifted the child and pressed it to her bosom, and the little one said: 'Mamma, this is what I want—rest—and if Christ will take me to his breast and let me rest, then I would like to go to heaven now.'—D. L. Moody.

Somebody Else.

Who's Somebody Else, I should like to know?
  Does he live at the North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see
  Whose name is in everyone's mouth?
For Meg says, 'Somebody Else will sing,'
  Or, 'Somebody Else can play,'
And Jack says, 'Please let Somebody Else
  Do some of the errands to-day.'

There are battles in life we only can fight,
  And victories, too, to win,
And Somebody Else cannot take our place,
  When we shall have 'entered in;'
But if Somebody Else has done his work
  While we for our ease have striven,
'Twill be only fair if the blessed reward
  To Somebody Else is given.

—'Temperance Record.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

BEER AND CRIME.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

Q.—What is the effect of beer on the moral character?

A.—The beer-drinker is likely to be morose, brutal and surly.

Q.—Where can this readily be seen?

A.—In the beer-saloons, where quarrelling is very common.

Q.—Are these cases often serious?

A.—They often result in bloodshed, and sometimes in murder.

Q.—Of what ages are these criminals?

A.—Of all ages, but the young are the most numerous.

Q.—How does beer compare with the stronger drinks in producing crime?

A.—It is worse, for with the stronger drinks they soon become stupid, while with beer they remain able to do mischief.

Q.—What are the results of beer-drinking in England?

A.—Just as bad as elsewhere.

Q.—How, then, ought we to look upon the beer-houses?

A.—As so many nurseries of crime in the land.

What a Man Will do For Drink.

(From the 'Success.')

'What will a man do for drink? What will he not do? Let me speak only of what I know; tell the story—the plain unvarnished story of what I have done—for drink.

'To begin at the beginning would make too long a story; suffice it to say that up to a certain period in my career mine was just the ordinary story of an average man who liked 'a little life'; working by day, drinking, often heavily, at night. Then debts accumulated, and I drank deeper still, until, unfitted for my work — work which I once dearly loved, and at which I had achieved considerable success—my means of livelihood was taken from me, and another was chosen to fill my post.

'In debt, out of a situation, a wife and two children to keep (a wife I once fondly doted on, children I once loved dearer than life), I quickly dried up the sympathy of my friends, borrowing largely from them, ostensibly to provide for those at home, but really to satisfy my now insatiable craving for liquor. Then, the first warning came. My goods were distrained on for rent. Even then I might have saved myself, for on again applying to one of my friends he supplied me with sufficient money to pay out the broker, and offered me a situation if I gave up the drink.

'I took the money gladly; happy for the moment with the thought that our home was saved; that, for the present, at any rate, there was no likelihood of my wife and children being turned into the streets. But the sequel!'

'Going homeward, I met a boon companion, and entering a public-house told him of my good fortune, and, changing one of the sovereigns, which were to do me such service, I called for 'drinks.' Then another and another followed in quick succession. I became intoxicated, and without another thought of home, wife, or children, I let the money fly, spending it with a lavish hand for the benefit of all who would 'condescend' to share in my 'good fortune.'

'Two days later I returned home penniless! Home? The house empty, not a stick of furniture left, my wife and children crouching on the floor before an empty fire-place, hungry, shivering, but waiting anxiously for me. Home!

'How I raved at false friends and sordid relatives, raved at the world in general; raved at and cursed all — but myself.

'Well, we managed to shift into apartments, and a relative of my wife (who, by the way came of an aristocratic family and had been brought up as a lady) made her an allowance of fifteen shillings a week. For some weeks I managed to satisfy my craving with half this allowance, until, in fact, one week when, the two children being ill, my wife refused to give me any of the money. This led to high words, and ended in my wife calling me a drunkard. Rather it did not end there, for, incensed at having such an epithet thrown at me from lips, too, from which I had never before received any but kind and loving words—incensed at this, I say, I raised my fist and struck her senseless at my feet!

'I felt no remorse. Senseless as she lay (I can sometimes see her now), I ransacked her pockets and departed from the house with the purse and the money it contained! She should never apply such a name to me again, I thought, and to teach her a lesson, to show her how she had erred, I got drunk—drunk with the money which was so badly needed to obtain absolutely necessary food and medicine for my ailing children!

'That night one of them (my little girl) died. I sometimes think that perhaps it was best so. But why did my wife, who somehow appeared changed toward me, cause me unnecessary pain by saying that indirectly I had caused the death of my child?

'However, the matter sobered me for a time, and I even had the temerity to apply for two or three advertised vacancies. But this was only a flash in the pan, and I quickly lapsed into my old habits. Things went on after this, sometimes worse, seldom better, until my wife, who had for several months been doing a little charing, caught a severe chill. One evening I left her in bed, as comfortable as I could make her, with the few unpledgeable articles of bed-clothing we possessed, and went out. We only had a shilling left to call our own, I remember, and as she said she wanted nothing, I took that with me.

'It takes but a very short time to spend a shilling, but by judicious management I made it last me until midnight. When I returned home I was too intoxicated to undress, so, sinking into a chair, I slept till morning. I was awakened by my boy—then about thirteen years of age.

'"Mother is cold," said he, "and I cannot wake her."

'She never did wake again; she was dead.

'But, to hurry on with my story, I then had to bestir myself, and my first endeavor was to find a situation—for my son. He eventually entered a grocer's establishment as errand boy, and soon ingratiated himself so well with his employer, that he was placed behind the counter as an assistant, the first vacancy that occurred. His wages, however, were very small, not nearly sufficient for both of us to live upon, and by degrees I persuaded him to bring home a few articles from his employer's stock. Then I induced him to filch the petty cash! I have no wish to spare myself, therefore, I say plainly that I induced him. Had I not done so, I believe he would have remained as honest as the day.

'Well, matters went on swimmingly for some time (at least for me, because I was enabled to obtain a good supply of drink); then the bubble burst. My boy was prosecuted for theft and convicted; on his release he fell into bad company, and again came within the clutches of the law. So far as I know, he may be even now in prison.

'But why say more? Have I not said enough, sufficient to amply illustrate what a man will do for drink! What will he not do?'

The Drunkard's Raggit Wean.

[The following tender lyric was very popular twenty-five or thirty years ago. It was written by James Paul Crawford, a native of Katrine, Ayrshire, Scotland, and attracted the attention of Queen Victoria. It has been sung to the old tune, 'Castles in the air.']

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin thro' the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snow wi' his wee hacket feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain;
Wha's the puir wee callan'? He's a drunkard's raggit wean.

He staun's at ilka door, an' he keeks wi' wistful e'e
To see the crood aroun' the fire a-lauchin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture een; tho' his heart be e'er sae fain,
For he manna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit laddie, his heart is unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's droukit through and through;
He's spierin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers whaur she's gane—
But, oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's loue, and he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows or kame his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens or smooth his bed at e'en,
An', oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,
The oath that leaves his father's lip 'll settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks, his infant lips 'll stain,
For, oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup, and never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parents' care, their puir wee raggit wean.

—'Temperance Advocate.'

Said a prominent teacher, 'I can go through this school and put my hand on every boy that uses tobacco for he shows it in his face, and if I am in doubt I can prove my surmise by looking at his recitation marks.'

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 21.

The Christian Armor.

Ephesians vi., 10-20. Read the whole chapter. Commit verses 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.' (Eph. vi., 10.)

Home Readings.

M. Eph. vi., 1-24.—The Christian armor.
T. Rom. xiii., 8-14. — 'Put on the armor of light'
W. Ps. xviii., 30-50.—'Thou hast girded me with strength.'
Th. I. Thess. v., 1-28.—'The breastplate of faith and love.'
F. Col. iv., 1-18. — 'Continue in prayer, and watch.'
S. Ps. cxliv., 1-15.—'Blessed be the Lord, my strength.'
S. Eph. i., 1-23.—'The exceeding greatness of his power.'

Lesson Story.

Paul writes to the Christians of Ephesus a tender letter of advice. A letter which each of us would do well to ponder, studying, committing to memory, and absorbing its teachings into our very lives. Note especially the prayerful spirit running through the whole, bursting out in those wonderful, far-reaching, praise-inspiring prayers, giving such an insight into Paul's conception of what a Christian should be, by the grace of God.

Our lesson to-day is taken from the last part of this lotter, After the exhortations to children and parents, servants and masters and all Christians in their relation to each other as well as to the world, he intimates that this excellence of conduct is not possible in their own strength, but that the Lord had provided strength for them. They must be strong in the Lord, and put on the armor of his strength, that they might be able to withstand, as did our Lord, the wiles of the evil one.

Paul is careful to make plain the fact that the Christian warfare is not against human enemies. The Christian standing in the world in the place of Christ, has Christ's enemies to deal with, Satan and his hosts. The enemy can not harm our Lord except as he can harm us, therefore he is our relentless foe, attacking us constantly in the most insidious and treacherous manner. As a defence against this continual danger we are to gird on the whole armor which God has provided for us. Truth, Righteousness, Peace, Faith, Salvation, are all given us through Christ for protection. The word of God is the sword which the Spirit uses to fight our battles. Prayer is another great weapon.

Paul beseeches his converts to pray much for him, and for all the saints. It is as important to pray that Christians may keep close to their Saviour and obedient to God, as that sinners should be converted.

Lesson Hymns.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your captain's sight
And watching unto prayer.

Stand then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God,—
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

Lesson Hints.

The epistle to the Ephesians was written during the latter part of Paul's first imprisonment in Rome. The Church at Ephesus had been founded by Paul during his stay in that city seven of eight years before. It was a strong, zealous, faithful church at that time. About thirty years later we read that they had left their first love and zeal, and were growing cold. (Rev. ii., 1-7.)

'Strong in the Lord,' as the branch draws its strength from the vine, (John xv., 4.), (Zech., iv., 6.)

'Armor of God'—(Rom. xiii., 12, 14.).

'Spiritual wickedness,—lit., wicked spirits. The higher we get in the Christian life, the more we will be tempted and tried. There is no more dangerous teaching than that which excludes the idea of a personal devil. The bad men of this world are actuated by some evil spirit, it would be as sensible to say that everyone is good as that there is no devil. (John viii., 44.)

Weapons—(II. Cor., x., 4, 5.).

Primary Lesson.

'Be strong in the Lord,' Did you ever try to keep yourself from doing anything naughty for a whole year? Or a whole month or week—were you ever perfectly good for a whole day? You know how hard you tried, and how you found you were not strong enough to keep perfectly good even for a day.

It is impossible for anyone to be really good in their own strength. A person may seem very good and act very nicely but he can not please God unless his heart has been made pure by the blood of Jesus. We can not please God in our own strength, how, then, shall we please him? We must ask God to put his Holy Spirit in us so that we will have to obey him. We must ask Jesus to put his strength in us so that we will be strong to fight against temptations.

What are some of the pieces of armor that Jesus will give us? There is the girdle of truth to keep us from wanting to say or act anything false or untrue. There is the breastplate of righteousness to make us hate the thought of anything wrong or mean. There are the shoes of peace to keep us from quarrelling or doing anything unkind.

'There is the shield of faith to keep us from getting discouraged and thinking God has forgotten us. God never forgets us. He is always near though sometimes he does not let us feel him near us, so that we may learn to trust him without feeling. Faith is knowing God is near when we do not feel his presence. Faith makes us believe God's word. God's word is the sword of the Spirit with which our battles are fought. For this reason it is important for us to know what God's word says. We must study the Bible and learn verses by heart, asking God to make them plain to us by his Holy Spirit. So shall we be 'strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.'

Search Questions.

Who is supposed to have been sent with this letter to the Ephesians?

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Stand Up, Stand Up,' 'Watch and Pray,' 'Hear the Battle-cry,' 'There's a Royal Banner,' 'Faith is the Victory,' ,Onward Christian Soldiers.'

Practical Points.

November, 21.
Ephesians vi., 10-20.

Only they who grow in grace will become spiritual giants. Verse 10.

Clad in the whole armor of God, the Christian may stand against all the foes of Christianity, for God and truth and native land, and with all other soldiers of the cross. Verses 11-13.

The girdle of God's truth will bind the armor together, and give the soldier courage in the conflict. The breastplate of Jesus' righteousness is the best protection for the penitent heart. Verse 14.

The Christian should ever pray, 'Take my feet, and let them be swift and beautiful for thee.' Verse 15.

Compare Isaiah lii., 7.

Without faith it is impossible either to please God or to parry the darts of the devil. Verse 16.

The Christian helmet is proof against doubts and fears because it is the hope of salvation. (I. Thess. v., 8.)

The sword is double-edged it either converts or condemns. Verse 17. Compare Heb. iv., 12., also Rom. x., 17.

Paul knew the power and importance of prayer when he asked the Ephesian Christians to pray for him.

Thus may we inspire the life of a brother or sister by fervent effectual prayaer. Verses 18-20.

A. H. CAMERON.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Nov. 21.—Gratitude to whom? For what? how shown?—Luke xvii., 11-19. (A thanksgiving topic.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Nov. 21.—How can we show our gratitude to God? Luke xvii., 11-19. (A thanksgiving topic.)

Learn by Heart.

Time was, in the boyhood of some of us, when the faculty chiefly employed in both Sunday and day schools was the memory. Everything that it was at all possible to treat in that way was learned by rote, too often without any intelligent comprehension of the meaning, on the part of the learner. Have we not gone to the opposite extreme in these days? To refer particularly to the Sunday-school, are there not many among our readers who have found the select passages of Scripture that were then laid up in the memory, a store-house of both intellectual and spiritual treasure? How many of the children in the average Sunday-school of to-day can repeat from memory correctly a half-dozen psalms, or as many chapters of one of the Gospels or Epistles. The same question may be asked in regard to choice hymns or other selections from the best and noblest literature embedded in the language? May we not say, with full assurance that every reader will agree with us, that no child in a Sunday-school or Christian home ought to be permitted to reach his or her teens without having safely stored in memory every word of, let us say at the least, the Sermon on the Mount, and other of Christ's own discourses, a goodly number of the grandest psalms, and such other passages of Scripture as Paul's discourse on love, in the thirteenth, and on the resurrection hope, in the fifteenth of first Corinthians. Will not Sunday-school superintendents and teachers think about this?—'Canadian Baptist.'

How to Interest Scholars.

Many of you are Sunday-school teachers and it is to you particularly that I would make a few suggestions.

Would it not be pleasant and profitable to have your scholar spend an evening at your home once every week, two weeks, or as you judge would be advisable?

I am a teacher myself, and have tried this plan for almost a year, finding that it has been a grand success, and that it has been the means of binding the affections of teachers and scholars together in a manner which could not otherwise have been accomplished were it not for those pleasant evenings spent in each other's society.

True, we may sometimes inconvenience ourselves to have them come, but think of the pleasure it will afford them, and devote yourself entirely to them.

If they are fond of readings hunt up your choice selections and read to them. If they love music, why, though your knowledge may be limited in that direction, do the very best you can.

But by all means make them feel comfortable and at ease; and try to the best of your ability, to make the times pass profitably, as well as pleasantly, and I am sure you will succeed.

You don't know how much good you may do in this direction, or how much influence you may acquire over your scholars.—'Christian at Work.'

I have not taken up a collection in my church for many years, says a pastor. We make an offering to the Lord's work.

HOUSEHOLD.

Keeping Children at Home.

There are few investments that parents can make which will pay so large profits as amusements that will keep their sons and daughters at home of evenings.

At almost any sacrifice of comfort it is worth while to set apart a room in the house that the children may call their own. In this each one may have a cupboard or closet where his or her belongings in the way of books, toys and trinkets may be kept undisturbed by other hands. Of course, if each child can have his or her own room, so much the better; indeed, it is becoming an unwritten law that separate beds are necessary for children; and separate rooms, if the situation of the family will permit it. It costs but little in building a house to provide an extra room; if this cannot be afforded, there is almost always an attic that could be made tolerable as a play-room at a small expense.

In one family where there are many children, the dining-room, which is the largest apartment in the house, has been, by a sort of general consent, turned over to the little ones every evening after the last meal of the day. They may spread their toys and books on the table, turn somersaults over the floor, play antics of all sorts with the furniture, and nobody objects so long as they do not indulge in breakage and quarrelling. The line is drawn at that point. The din is sometimes dreadful, but there are two wise parents who have learned by a careful study of the children in the neighborhood that noise at home is a good deal better than sly wickedness abroad. The result of this course is that there is scarcely a suggestion of going out of evenings. When the children are invited to the neighbors' they sometimes meet the invitation with a sigh and the remark: 'Oh, I suppose we will have to go!' They are always delighted when their little friends come to see them, because they declare they can have so much more fun at home.

This is a healthful and hopeful state of affairs. There is no greater compliment that can be paid to parents, than to have the children always willing to remain in the house. It shows good feeling and fellowship between parent and child, and an absence of the dread and fear that is one of the most pathetic phases of child-life. The little ones who live under a continual cloud, who fear to express an idea or give utterance to a thought in the presence of their parents, are greatly to be pitied, and such children are far too plenty in every quarter of our wide land.—'New York 'Ledger.'

Health Hints.

It is better to use flannel in applying hot fomentation, and also to place a layer of dry flannel next the skin. This affords a little time to get accustomed to the heat, and a higher temperature can be borne than if the moist cloth is brought directly in contact with the skin.

Too careful attention cannot be paid to the health of children during the years of physical development. An English physician says on this point: 'Those who are entrusted with the care of the young of both sexes should remember that the education of the mind is a life-long process; there is no need of hurry. The development of the body is strictly limited to a certain period of existence and becomes finally and irrevocably arrested at a given date.' Here is a truth worth considering by parents and teachers who are disposed to push young people too rapidly in their studies at the expense of their bodily well-being.

The habit of dressing too warmly within doors in the winter season is earnestly deprecated by physicians. The temperature of modern houses and offices is usually about seventy degrees, which is summer heat. Yet both sexes select thick flannels and heavy dresses and coats for house wear and then go out into an atmosphere many degrees colder with little additional protection, especially for the feet. This is a fruitful source of colds. With present facilities for heating our houses, we need not follow the customs of our forefathers, in wearing heavy clothing indoors in winter. We need to adapt our wearing apparel to the changed conditions which we meet in going suddenly from furnace-heated apartments into the freezing cold without.

Against the use of narcotics for inducing sleep Mrs. Phelps-Ward protests in 'McClure's Magazine,' in this vigorous fashion: 'Avoid dependance upon narcotics as you would that circle in the "Inferno," where the winds blow the lost spirit forever, and toss him to and fro—returning on his course and driven back—forever. Take the amount of sleep that God allows you and go without what he denies, but fly from drugs as you would from that poison of the Borgias which cunningly selected the integrity of the brain on which to feed. Starve for sleep if you must, die for lack of it if you must, I am almost prepared to say, accept the delirium which marks the extremity of fate in this land of despair, but scorn the habit of using anodynes as you hope for healing and value reason.—'Congregationalist.'

Take Time For the Bible.

As we drift along the swift, relentless current of time toward the end of life; as days, and weeks, and months, and years follow each other in breathless haste, and we reflect now and then for a moment that, at any rate for us, much of this earthly career has passed irrevocably; what are the interests, thoughts, aye, the books, which really command our attention? What do we read and leave unread? What time do we give to the bible? No other book, let us be sure of it, can equally avail to prepare us for that which lies before us; for the unknown anxieties and sorrows which are sooner or later the portion of most men and women; for the gradual approach of death; for the period, be it long or short, of waiting and preparation for the throne and the face of the Eternal Judge. Looking back from that world, how shall we desire to have made the most of our best guide to it! How shall we grudge the hours we have wasted!—Canon Liddon.

'Let us Quarrel To-Morrow.'

My wife is one of the sweetest little women in the whole world, and I am not considered peculiarly cranky, but sometimes differences would arise, beginning with the most trivial things, which, however, being duly nursed, became of monumental proportions, and often threatened the peace of the family. Of course, I was commonly the one to blame; in fact, as I look back on it now, I am sure I was always to blame, for I should have had the wisdom to give way on the non-essentials, and by a little restraint and gentle talk, win my little wife over to my way of thinking. But, instead of that, I feared that I should sacrifice my dignity (!), as head of the family, by yielding. So sometimes I went to business without my good-bye kiss, and two people were miserable all day.

But my little wife had an inspiration (most women have when things come to the breaking point), and the next time our argument was drifting near the danger-line, she turned aside the collision by this womanly suggestion: 'Howard, dear, let's quarrel to-morrow!' This was a proposal for an armistice. What husband could refuse. 'All right,' I said, 'we will put it off till to-morrow, and we laughed and talked of other things. But to-morrow did not come. Indeed, to-morrow never comes; it is always a day ahead; and if we can only keep our quarrels till then, there will be no more heart-broken little wives at home, and fewer 'blue' husbands at the store or office. 'Let's quarrel to-morrow!'—N. H. Junior, in the New York 'Evangelist.'

Puffed Eggs.

'Where's Tommy?' asked Marjorie, one morning, as she took her seat at the breakfast table.

'He's not feeling very well,' answered mamma, 'so I told him to remain in bed, and I'd send him his breakfast later. He only wants an egg and some toast.'

'O, mamma,' cried Marjorie, excitedly, 'I know how to fix eggs beautifully for sick people. Can I do it for Tommy?'

Permission being given, as soon as she had finished her breakfast, Marjorie ran into the kitchen and began her preparations.

First, she made a couple of slices of milk toast, and while they were steaming in a pan of hot water, she got a tray and set it daintily, not even forgetting to put on a vase with a half-open rose in it.

'I like to make things attractive for invalids, I think they enjoy their meals so much more, if you do,' she said apologetically.

'Now, Norah,' she continued, 'please give me the very freshest egg that you have.'

'Well, Miss Marjorie,' said Norah, bringing a bowlful from the pantry, 'they all came from the grocer's yesterday, but it's yourself that will have to be choosing which is the freshest, for it's meself that's no witch.'

'I guess I'll take a dark one; grandma says they're the best,' said Marjorie gravely, as she made her selection.

The first thing she did was to break the egg very carefully, taking great care not to break the yolk, which she separated from the white. She then beat the white with the bright egg-beater, until it was a stiff froth, after which she put it in a custard cup and made a nice little nest on top, into which she dropped the yolk, sprinkling it with pepper and salt. She put this into the oven, letting it remain only until it was set, which it was in a very few moments.

'Doesn't that look pretty, Norah?' she cried, as she took it out.

''Deed, and it does, and if it tastes as good as it looks, it will be nice, and I think Master Tommy is a lucky boy to have such a fine cook for a sister.'

'What's that, Marjorie?' asked Tommy, as she entered his room.

'It's a puffed egg,' replied Marjorie, 'and you needn't be afraid to eat it, because it's very easily digested.'

'It's grand, Marjorie,' said Tommy, smacking his lips, 'and if you don't mind, I'd like to digest two more.'

Of course, Marjorie was only too delighted to comply with his request, and when Tommy got up the family heard so much about puffed eggs, that Marjorie was obliged to make them that night for tea, and everybody voted them a grand success. — New York 'Observer.'

Useful Hints.

Bruises.—To prevent a bruise from becoming discolored, apply immediately water as hot as can be borne comfortably, changing the cloth as soon as it loses its heat. If hot water is not to be had at once, moisten some dry starch with cold water, and cover the bruised part with it. — 'Popular Science News.'

Stains. — Fresh stains upon wall paper where people have rested their heads can be removed by covering the spot with a mixture of pipeclay and water made into a soft paste and letting it remain over night. Then brush it off with a stiff whisk broom.—'Popular Science News.'

Burns.—A simple way to treat a burn is to cover all portions of it and the surrounding flesh with oil—sweet or castor oil answers very well—sprinkle heavily with dry flour and bandage at once with linen. The first object is to exclude the air and relieve the pain.

To set black.—German country women boil in milk the yarn for their home-knit stockings, so they will not 'crock.' If black underwear, or stockings that stain are treated in a like manner the result will be very satisfactory.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'